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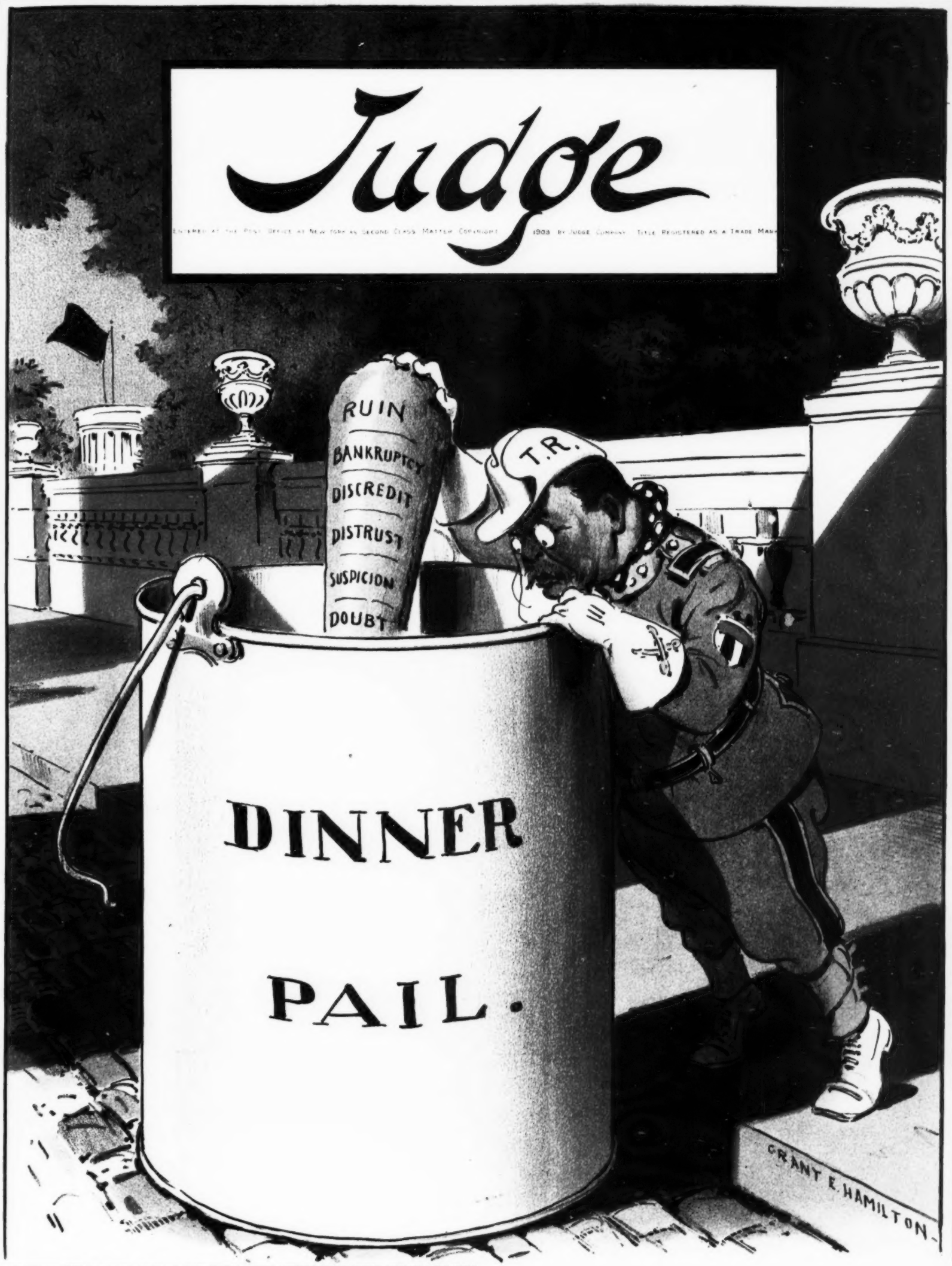

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MEASURING THE DEPTH.

Judge

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THE SWEARING HABIT.

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SOME folks swear in order to be profane, and others merely for the sake of emphasis. The first is pure silliness. It is like the childish behavior of a small boy who says, "See what a bad boy I dare to be!" It is mere empty showing off. We doubt whether it is a cause of damnation, as the old-school theologians were wont to believe, because we doubt whether the devil, who is really an intelligent person, cares very much about the souls of the empty-headed. He is after bigger game. But swearing for emphasis, we confess, has our sympathy to a certain extent. Few of us have Shakespearian vocabularies, or the time to devote to a study of pure style in either our speech or our writing. And we use up all our adjectives so quickly in ordinary conversation that when we really become emotional and want to lend stress to our words, there are no adjectives left with any virility to them. This sounds like an evil sentiment, but it all depends on what is meant by swearing. Take, for instance, the matter of the weather. On an unduly warm day in April we say emphatically, "This is very hot!" Later on we call it awfully hot and terribly hot. But when July comes we have nothing left with which to express ourselves save the violent emphasis of forbidden words. If there were only a universal agreement to avoid the use of the word "very"; if children were taught that it was not a nice word or a polite word, soon you would hear little boys getting together and whispering, "My, ain't this very hot!" and then looking fearfully around to see if their elders had heard them. Most of the ordinary swearing of the day is not done in a profane spirit. It merely shows that men do not exercise a proper economy of their adjectives. In that sense there are many varieties of swearing, all equally culpable. Women are the worst offenders. When they write letters they swear by underlining words. A girl says in her letter, 'Jane's hat was *perfectly impossible!* She looked a *fright!* And her nose was so *red*, all the powder *in the world* wouldn't have made it *half* presentable." If a man ever cared to write anything of the sort in a letter he would possibly have used several "damns," and one would have been as excusable as the other, so far as any profane intent was concerned. It is a delicate question, and we are plunging too deeply into it; already we have probably given offense. Goodness knows we are not playing reformer. We are as weak as any other brother or sister. But the fact seems plain that most swearing is an acknowledgment of a feeble vocabulary and poor foresight in the use of it.

* * *

IT MAY be all right for a New York newspaper to establish a fake poolroom for the purpose of cheating the police into a confession of complicity with crime; but sending manuscript with the edges gummed together, in order to discover whether the editor really reads it or not, is a very different matter. The spirit of investigation can be carried too far.

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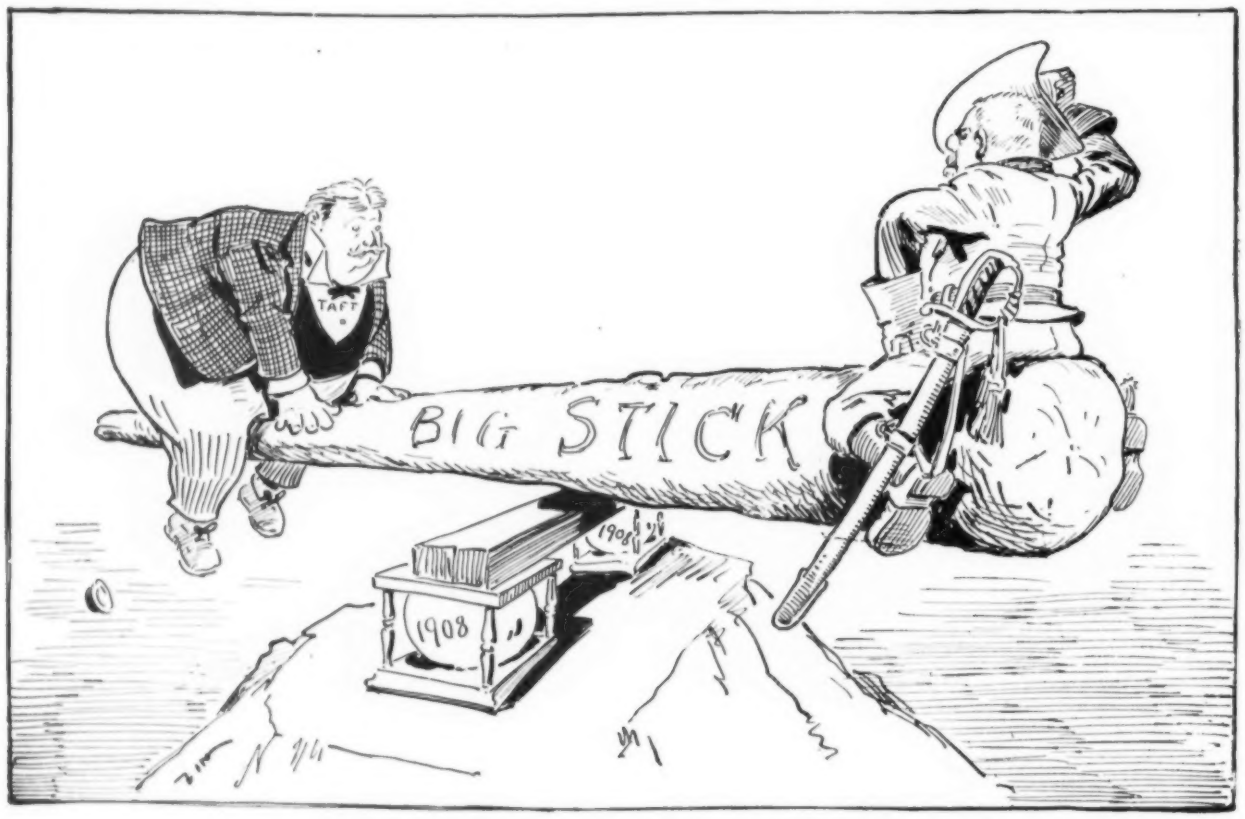


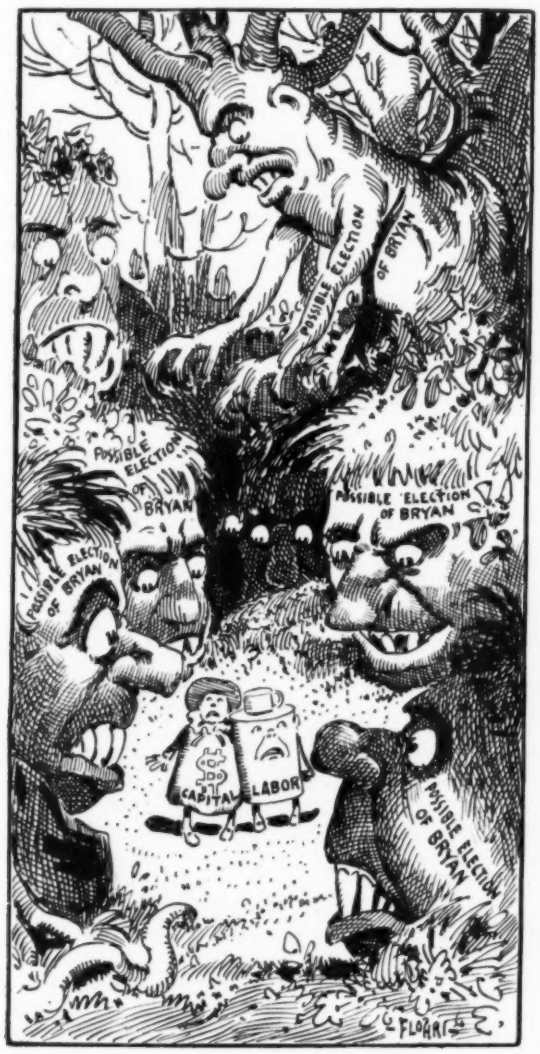
WHERE WOULD ONE BE WITHOUT THE OTHER?

"BILL SYKES" BRYAN—"I OWN YE, DON'T I?"

A YOUNG DIPLOMAT.

"YOUR mother tells me you've been naughty again to-day. When I was a boy I was whipped hard every time I was bad."

"But you hadn't as good or wise a father as I have, pop."



THE BABES IN THE WOODS.
"The very trees and rocks took on threatening faces."

UNSELFISH MAN.

NOT unto us, O Lord, we cry,
When 'neath the cross we labor;
Not unto us, not unto us—
Please pass it to our neighbor.

STRATEGY.

"GOT any cow-bells?" inquired a country-looking man of a clerk in a hardware store.

"Yes, sir. Step this way," replied the young man.

The farmer picked up the largest he could find and said, "Have you no larger than this?"

"No, sir; the largest ones are all sold."

The farmer, on hearing this, turned to leave, and had reached the door, when the clerk called after him,

"Look here, stranger! Take one of these small bells for your cow and you won't have half as much bother finding her, for when you hear the bell you will always know that she can't be far off."

He bought the bell.

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IS THERE A REASON?

Hooligan—"Oi do be wondherin' how th' number av min in church compare wid th' wimmin?"

Hinnessy—"About th' same as th' wimmin compare wid th' min in th' pinitinchery."

IN HADES.

Satan—"Hallo! Where did you come from?"

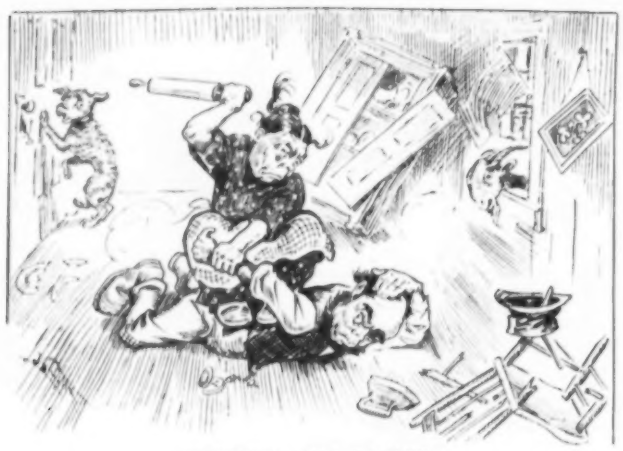
New Yorker—"I just climbed up from the subway."

UNKIND.

Hewitt—"I painted this picture to keep the wolf from the door."

Jewett—"If you hang it where the wolf can see it I guess you will succeed."

BILL APPROVED AND INDORSED



SERVING HIM RIGHT.

Clancy (down and out)—"Thot settles it! Me cup av sorrow is filled t' th' brim!"

Mrs. Clancy—"Faith, an' it isn't! Will ye hov wan or two lumps?"

WELL TRAINED, THOUGH FEEBLE.

"Remember, John; if Mrs. Bacontat calls tell her I've gone to the club."

"Very well, my dear. But what shall I tell her if she doesn't call?"

WHO WOULDN'T?

AHMED AL MAHRAD, ruler of Mezrah, sat in kingly silence on his jewel-incrusted throne. As was the custom with his forefathers, he had announced two days before that a basin of silver and gold would be awarded to the subject who bestowed the greatest boon on mankind; and the hour drew nigh for the award. A trumpet sounded, and those who craved the royal favor filed in.

"Begin!" thundered the king; and the foremost in the line stepped forward.

"Oh, Son of the Stars, I have allowed myself to prepare, after much labor, a wine, one draught of which will prevent one from talking in his sleep. For married men"——

"Enough!" interrupted the king. "You have done well. Thy name shall be handed down to posterity, and a graven stone shall be set up to you in the public place."

"Oh, Son of the Stars," the second aspirant began, "I am one skilled in medicine and surgery, and after years of experimenting I have found that a simple operation, when performed on the brain of a female child, absolutely prevents all desire for superfluous frills and fineries, gossiping and"——

"Well done, my son," broke in the king. "You are a worthy son of a worthy father, and your name shall be borne on wings to the uttermost parts of the earth, and praises will be on men's lips for ages to come."

"Oh, Son of the Stars," began the third seeker after fortune, "I am a lover of mankind, and delight in bringing peace and happiness to all. I have here a little contrivance so small as would lie in the hollow of your hand, but which will absolutely prevent pajamas from rolling up into a thousand and one knots during the night, and"——

"Enough! enough!" shouted the king, forgetting his kingly dignity for the moment. "Enough! The prize is his!"

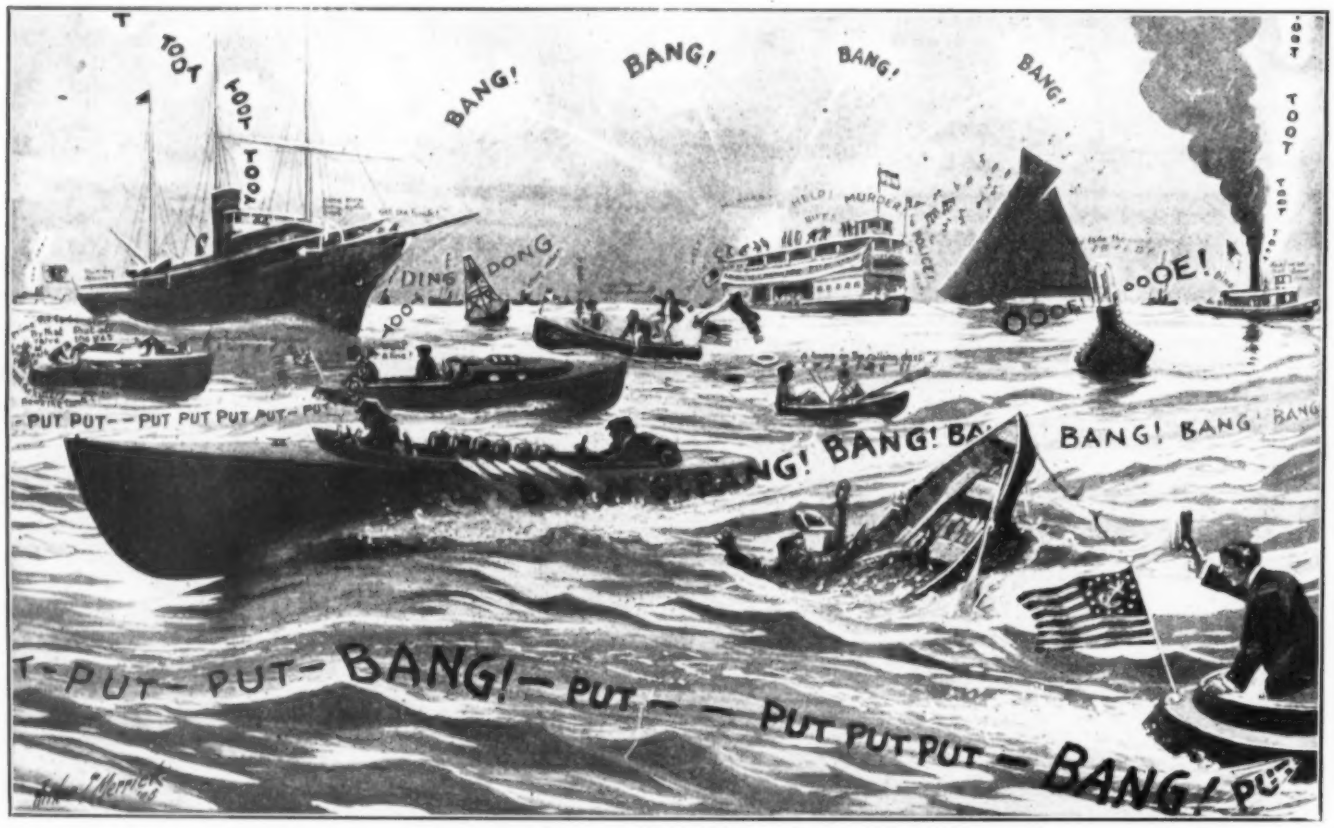
And the people echoed his words, "The prize is his!"

A MAN in Petunia drank gasoline by mistake. Now, instead of coughing, he honks.

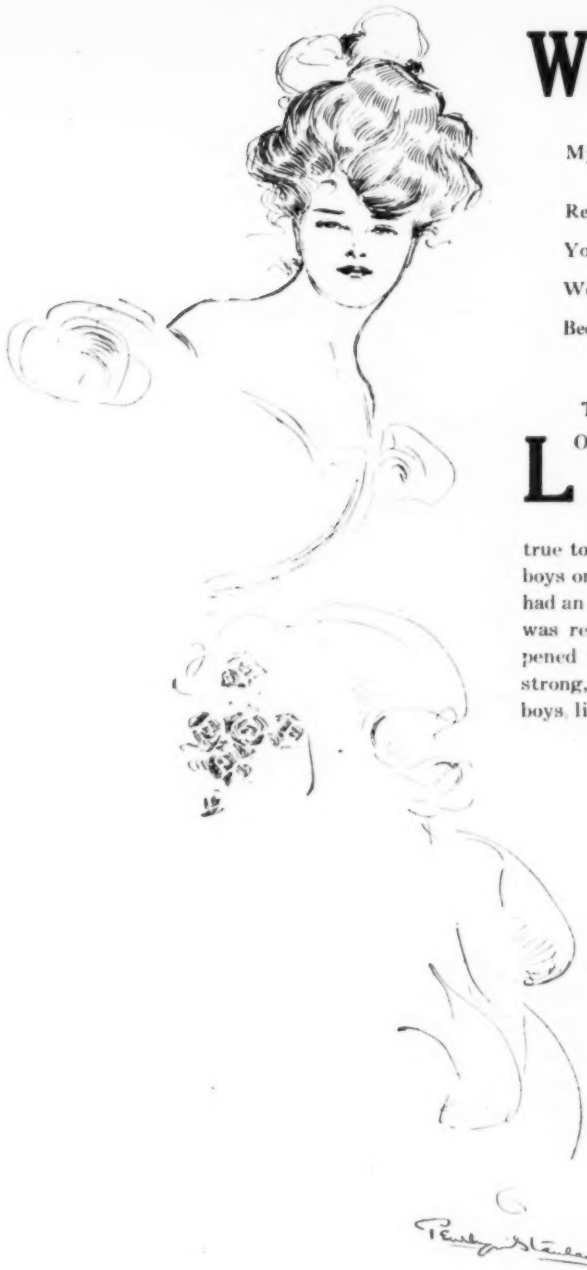
JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

CHRISTIE MacDONALD AS "SALLY HOOK" IN "MISS HOOK OF HOLLAND."

Dear Sallie Hook, how sweet you look!
Your guise becomes you much.
Since you have played this Holland maid,
I swear you beat the Dutch!



THE LOUD LONG ISLAND SOUND.



A LENTEN SACRIFICE.

WITH manlike logic said he this
Unto his lady fair:
"Last week you scorned my proffered kiss;
You vowed you 'did not care.'
Yet now, to-day, I know not why,
A kiss *you* proffer *me!*
My joy is thus mixed with a sigh
Of sheer perplexity."

Replied the maid: "You men must e'er
For cause and reason sift.
You would the butterfly lay bare,
Or analyze a gift!
Well, then, this explanation take:
I yield these lips of ice
Because I'm bound at least to make
One Lenten sacrifice!"

WALTER PULITZER.

THE COWBOY OF ROMANCE.

LOCAL color and verisimilitude are two requisites of a modern story dear to the editorial heart. For that reason we always have fiction which is always true to what it is true to. A couple of cowboys on a big windy valley ranch in Wyoming had an eastern magazine between them. One was reading aloud to the other, and it happened to be a cowboy story. The plot was strong, the language breezy, and the cowboys liked it; but the verisimilitude didn't seem to strike the locality quite as it had struck the editor.

"Hell, Bill!" said the listening one, after a description of the cowboy hero. "If we was anything like that we'd stampede a herd in no time, unless they'd been fed on pop-corn and violets—wouldn't we?"

THOSE CLEVER STOREKEEPERS.

The child—"Say, maw, how did that storekeeper know you was in from the country?"

Maw—"Heaven only knows! It must have been my accent."

ALSO OUT OF SIGHT.

Dolan (with magazine)—"Begorra! but thot's a strange hallucynation! An ostrich thinks he's out av soight whin he puts his head in th' sand."

Mrs. Dolan—"How loike a man whin he puts his head in a silk hat!"

"HIGHER!" exclaimed the professor to the endeavoring singer.

The singer tried to comply.

"Higher, higher!" cried the professor excitedly, while the student's voice quavered dangerously. The professor leaned forward. "Higher, higher!" he shrieked. "Heavens, man! not your voice—your eyebrows!"

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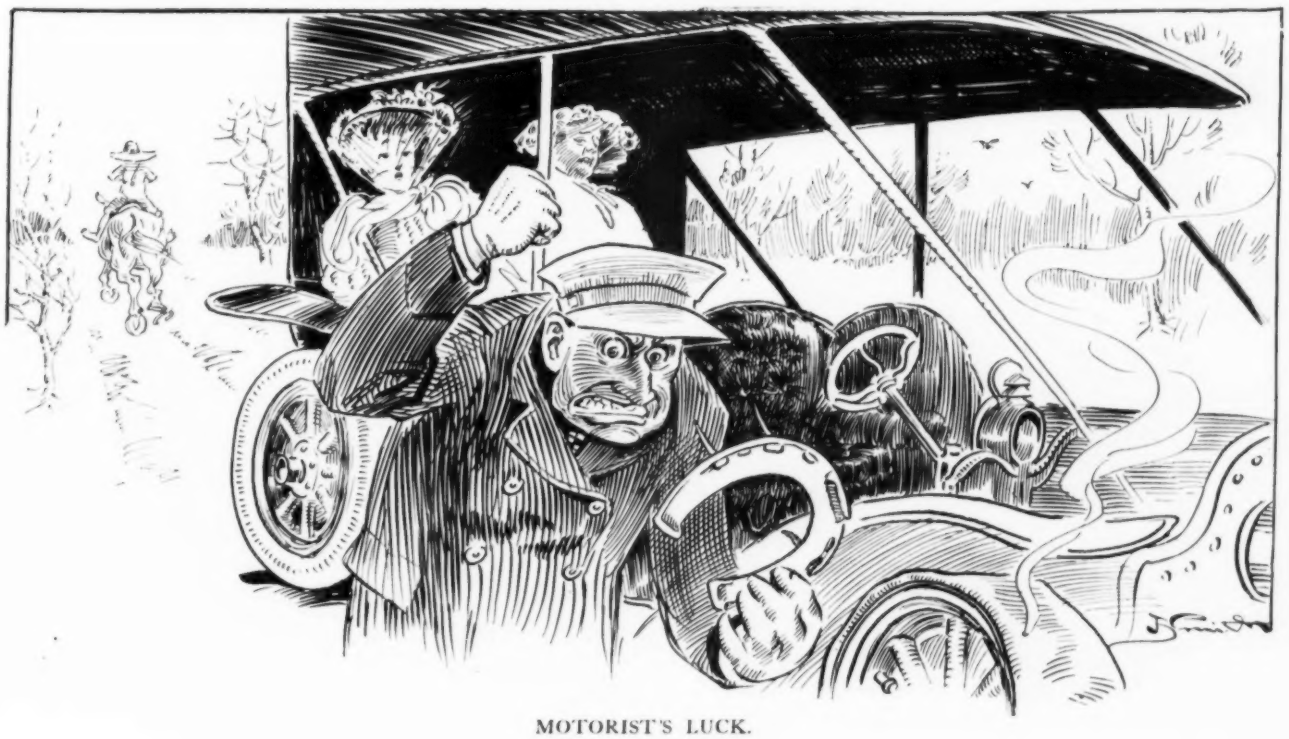


MOTORIST'S LUCK.
Finding a horseshoe.

THE OBJECT.

"I've got one of my sons learning the cornet and the other the fiddle; one daughter studying the piano and the other plays the flute; while, to top it all off, my wife has started taking singing lessons."
"My gracious! is your family as musical as all that?"
"No; but there's a vacant lot next to our place, and we don't want anybody to build on it."

MY NEW INVENTIONS.

SINCE I sold my last invention (at a price too high to mention)
I have felt ambition stirring in the region of my soul,
And some marvelous creations, fit for women of all stations,
I have fashioned without erring and now offer sound and whole.

I've an Introduction Getter which is warranted to fetter
Any interesting fellow in the twinkling of an eye;
And a new Magnetic Thriller with a Hot-air Gush Instiller
Which will make the heartstrings mellow and ensnare them bye and bye.

I've a Wordless Wealth Computer and a Lipless Love Transmuter
And a Male Affection Holder that is warranted O. K.
Then my Sympathy Inciter will make passion flame the brighter,
And my Pseudo Form Enfolder start caresses on their way.

I've a delicate gyrator that I call a Love Equator,
Which will register the fever when it's at its highest clip;
And a wonderful Elixir called the Fast Delusion Fixer,
And a Sign and Seal Deceiver which will circumvent a slip.

I've a Confidence Creator and a Dope Investigator,
Which will satisfy each question that a relative might ask,
And my Wedding Bell Desirer is constructed to inspire a
Sudden form of indigestion which takes lovers all to task.

Then my Happy Home Retainer, or the Mutual Explainer,
Will be counted as a treasure in the family, of course,
And the last of my inventions which this advertisement mentions
Is my Instantaneous Measure for a Lawyer-less Divorce.

LURANA W. SHELDON.

GREAT NEED.

OH, that some Burbank of the West
Would patent, make and sell
An onion with an onion taste—
But with a violet smell.

THE FINALE.

"IT seems to me," said the Indian chief, as he watched the white man's encroachments, "that all my property very soon will be a mental reservation."

AS WELL AS COULD BE EXPECTED.

Patient—"Do you think raw oysters are healthy?"

Physician—"I never knew any to complain."

ENOUGH LEFT.

Mrs. Benham—"You took the words right out of my mouth."

Benham—"I don't seem to have done a complete job."

KNEW HIS RIGHTS.

Landlady—"What's the matter with that pie?"

Boarder—"'Tain't fit for a pig, and I ain't goin' to eat it."

BY shoulder cold and marble heart
Full oft my love was froze,
But the greatest chill I knew not till
I got the tilted nose.

TOO DRASTIC.

"I see by the paper, ma, that a boy assassin has been hanged."
"Wa-al, a sassin' boy is a great trial, but I don't think thet he ought ter be hanged fer it."

A COLLOQUIAL DIALOGUE.

"AM YO 'a southern colonel, sah?"

"I don't talk to nigguhs, suh!"

"Sah!"

"Suh!"

NOT HIS AUNTY.

Small boy—"I want some medicine to reduce flesh."

Drug clerk—"Anti-fat?"

Small boy—"No, uncle."

ANOTHER STAGE VICTIM.

MARY made an awful fuss
Getting hit by an omnibus.
Thinking of it makes her wince.
She's been stage-struck ever since.

Anxious son—"What does 'chicanery' mean, father?"

Father—"A place where they can chickens, of course."

STUDIES OF A GENTLEMAN GIVING SOME GOOD-NATURED ADVICE TO HIS NEIGHBOR.

RONDEAU.

THE rumor ran, not long ago,
That he had come to be my beau.
The gossips shook their heads and talked
If on a Sabbath out we walked
And through the parkways ambled slow.

" Propinquity," they said, you know.
I knew that if he heard he'd go.
And though I at the gossips mocked,
The rumor ran.

So now I sit along, for no
Tobacco smoke I smell below;
No creak of chair when forth he rocked.
The room is bare, the door is locked;
I've lost my rent, my money 's low.
The roomer ran!

AURELIA D. HOWELLS.

INCUMBERED.

Magistrate—"You are willing to go bail for John Preston and offer your farm as security? Have you any incumbrance on the farm?"

Farmer—"Oh, yes—my old woman."

BADLY NEEDED.

Landlady—"Why do you set your tea on a chair, Mr. Jones?"

Boarder—"It was so very weak, ma'am, I thought I would rest it."

THESE REALISTIC BABES.

WILLIE was decidedly realistic and so very fond of hearing Bible stories read aloud that, as soon as he could read, his aunty gave him a copy of the Bible written especially for children.

Not long afterward he was heard howling in despair. Every one ran to see what had happened. They found him with his new Bible open.

"Willie, Willie, tell us what *is* the matter?"

"M-M-Moses is dead! And God buried him. A-and n-no man knows w-where h-his b-bones are t-to th-this day!"

A VICTIM TO SYSTEM.

Mrs. Handout—"How did you become a tramp?"
Weary Willie—"It wuz de 'health magazines,' lady. I begun takin' long walks fer me appetite, an' pretty soon I wuz good fer nuthin' but de long walks an' de appetite."

THE REAL TEST.

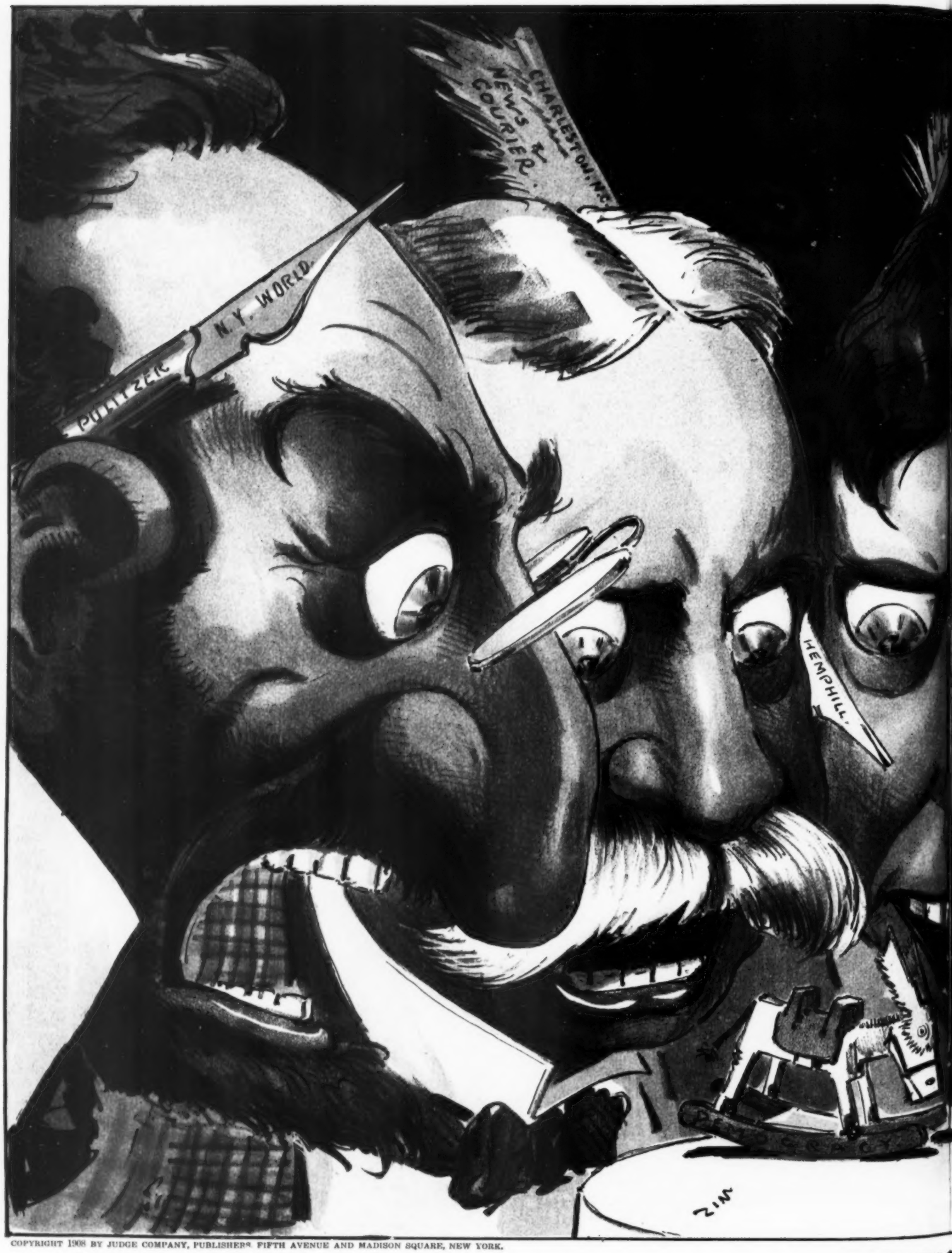
"SOME people believe a man cannot smoke and be a Christian. Do you?"

"I've never tried any of your cigars."

WHEN a woman attends a handkerchief sale it is probably because she wants to blow in something.

THERE'S A REASON.

"They say it's the style now, Nancy, to chaw these onions till they lose their taste."
"Lan' sakes! how do they ever git any work done?"



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EAT 'EM AL

GULLIVER BRYAN IN *DE*

EM ALIVE!

IN *DEMOCRATICLAND.*

NO. 42—NERVY NAT ALMOST PREVENTS AN INTERNATIONAL MISUNDERSTANDING.
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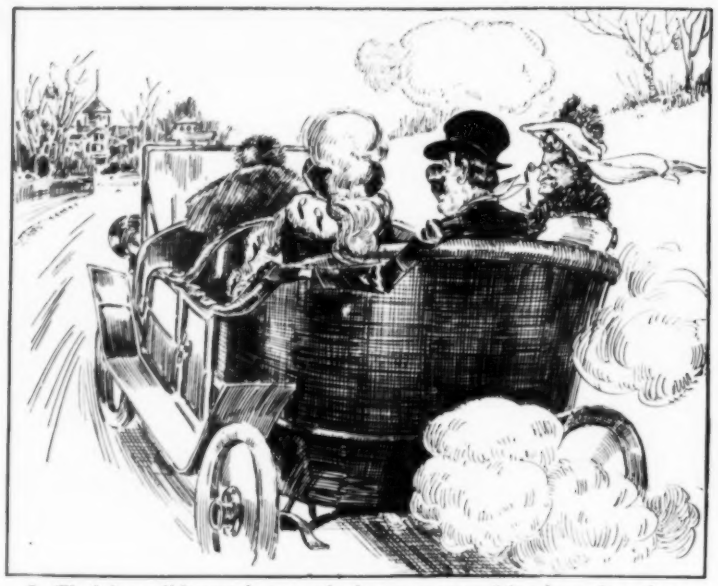
1. *The ladies*—"Welcome, your grace! We are both charmed to greet you."

Nervy Nat—"What in blazes is this? Grace! That's the first time I've been piped for a Vassar girl. Has this beauteous one been inhaling Martinis, or am I foul of a couple of bugs? Ah, I see! It's the much-talked-of heiress, Gwendolyn Spanglegilt, who is to marry a gypsy count—and, Nat, you're it for the count. Get busy!"



2. *The heiress*—"I scarcely recognized you, count. It's a long time since we met at—where was it—Baden Baden?"

Nervy Nat—"Yes; very baden baden."

Mamma—"How do you like America, count?"

Nervy Nat—"All to the pickles. There's only one place that skins it, and that's the Bowery—er—that's a beautiful vista to our left, is it not?"

The heiress—"You're so democratic! And what perfect English!"

Nervy Nat—"Sure, Mike! I took lessons from a correspondence school."

3. *Nervy Nat*—"Now, you see, old socks, it's just like this: All my scads are tied up in the Kickernocker Bust Company, so a small check—say a thousand or two to tide me over—will do for an appetizer. And as for the wedding dowry, say ten millions—a mere bagatelle. I wish it distinctly understood that I am marrying Miss Mandolin for love, and not for gold. As soon as I get my hooks into those checks I'll show you how little I care for mere gold."

4. *Count Sneezeski*—"Ah, ha! I have come here to finda onea beeg impost and sweendler. I ama ze true Count Luigi Guisseppi Pietro Guilliame Pardo Cheesecake Michael Sapristi Diabolo Sneezeski, and I denounce before ze father of my fiancee ze beeg pig of a sweendler! I vill call ze gendarme."

Nervy Nat—"Bumping brakebeams! look what they are paying five millions for! I guess he's the candy kid, all right."

Papa—"What's the meaning of this outrage?"

Nervy Nat—"Parsons, throw that piece of garlic in the ash-can!"

5. *Nervy Nat*—"Nat, you know enough to take advantage of an international complication of this kind, and I'd advise you to create a vacuum in the atmosphere; and, besides, his allusion to the police is obnoxious. Beat it before the Italian government has a man-of-war over here."

6. *Nervy Nat*—"I'm sorry I missed the pleasure of cashing those checks; but these few trinkets that I gathered up on the run will serve as souvenirs. I feel sorry for the lady, however. After she has hocked her diamond-studded manicure set to pay her gypsy count's booze bills she will probably wish she had become Mrs. Nervy Nat. I must hustle for that 11.30 freight train."

NO. 42—NERVY NAT ALMOST PREVENTS AN INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGE.

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TO BE INVESTIGATED.

"Since Louis Ferrari began the prosecution of these impure milk cases," remarked one of a group at the Olympic Club, "he's suspicious of anything that looks like milk."

"How so?" ventured one of the listeners.

"Well, one of the fellows had a bottle of emulsion of cod-liver oil, white stuff, the vilest dope a man ever tasted. It was in a plain, big-neck bottle. 'Where'd they get that stuff?' asked Ferrari.

"'I think,' said Andrew Glarner, 'I think Jack Gleason got it from his brother's place.'

"'Ah!' exclaimed Ferrari. 'I don't care if Jack is a member of the club; I'm going after his brother's dairy. I put some of that milk in my coffee this morning, and it was all to the bad.'"—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

ALL HAD A TURN.

Mr. C. W. Holloway recently ordered a pair of trousers from a tailor. On trying them on they proved to be several inches too long. It being late on Saturday night, the tailor's shop was closed, and Mr. Holloway took the trousers to his wife, and asked her to cut the surplus off and hem them over.

The good lady, who was ill at the time, snappishly refused. The same results followed applications to the wife's sister and the trained nurse in attendance.

Before bedtime the wife, relenting, took the trousers, and, cutting off six inches from the legs, hemmed them up nicely and restored them to the closet.

Half an hour later the nurse, taken with compunction for her conduct, took the trousers, and, cutting off six inches, hemmed and replaced them.

Finally the sister-in-law felt the pangs of conscience, and she, too, performed an additional surgical operation on the garment.

When Mr. Holloway appeared at breakfast on Sunday morning, the family thought a Highland chieftain had arrived.—*Philippines Gossip.*

ARTIFICE.

"Here, you," said the conductor angrily; "you rang up a fare. Do that again and I'll put you off."

The small man standing jammed in the middle of the car promptly rung up another fare. Thereupon the conductor projected him through the crowd and to the edge of the platform.

"Thanks," said the little man. "I didn't see any other way to get out. Here's your dime."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

The control of dandruff can be best accomplished by the systematic use of

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

Proper cleansing and intelligent manipulation of the scalp are always imperative. A good lather of Packer's Tar Soap well rubbed into the scalp is not only a perfect cleanser but an unexcelled hair tonic.

THE PACKER MFG. CO., NEW YORK CITY

HER LOOKOUT.

A young wife in Malate said to her husband one night, "My dear, there is a gentleman in the parlor. He wants to speak to you."

"Who is it? Do you know?" the husband asked.

"Dear," said the wife, "you must forgive me, but that cough has bothered you so much of late, and the hot season is coming on, and oh! if you knew how worried I've been about you!" And she threw her arms around his neck. "What would I do if I were to lose you?" she moaned.

"Come, come," said the young man, patting her shoulder tenderly. "Men don't die of a slight cold. So you've called in the doctor, eh? Well, I'll see him gladly if it will make you feel easier. Which one is it?"

"It isn't the doctor, dear," was the answer. "It's Mr. Dave Englebert, the life-insurance agent."—*Philippines Gossip.*

An American speeding over the continent of Europe in his automobile asked of his chauffeur, "Where are we?"

"In Paris," shouted the man at the wheel, and the dust flew.

"Oh, never mind the details," irritably screamed the American millionaire. "I mean what continent?"—*Argonaut.*

HE CLASSIFIED IT.

Representative Lorimer, of Chicago, who is a great walker, was recently out for a tramp along the conduit road leading from Washington, when, after going a few miles, he sat down to rest.

"Want a lift, mister?" asked a good-natured Maryland farmer driving that way.

"Thank you," responded Mr. Lorimer. "I will avail myself of your kind offer."

The two rode in silence for a while. Presently the teamster asked: "Professional man?"

"Yes," answered Lorimer, who was thinking of a bill he had pending before the House.

After another long pause, the farmer observed: "Say, you ain't a lawyer, or you'd be talking; you ain't a doctor, 'cause you ain't got no satchel; and you shore ain't a preacher, from the looks of you. What is your profession, anyhow?"

"I am a politician," replied Lorimer.

The Marylander gave a snort of disgust. "Politics ain't no profession; politics is a disorder."—*Kansas City Independent.*

A man has great self-control not to give his seat in a street-car to a pretty girl when his wife is with him.—*Ex.*

HE WAS SO SORRY.

Hotel clerk—"We have only one room left, sir, and the bed is only big enough for one."

"Well, I subbose we'll haf to dake it, but I hate to haf my wife sleeb on der floor."—*Bronx News.*

A LABOR-SAVING SCHEME.

"John," said the newly-married business man.

"Yessir," responded the office-boy.

"Call up my wife every fifteen minutes, and mumble lovey-dovey tootsey wootsey about seven or eight times."—*Exchange.*

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PURITY.

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EGGSTRAORDINARY COINCIDENCE.

The custom has prevailed with a certain Episcopal church in a California diocese of presenting each scholar of the Sunday-school with an egg at the celebration of Easter. On an occasion of this kind, when that point in the service was reached which had been set apart for this interesting ceremony, the assistant clergyman rose and made the announcement, "Hymn No. 419, 'Begin, My Soul, the Exalted Lay,' after which the eggs will be distributed."—*Western Christian Advocate.*

Sliced oranges are more appetizing after a few dashes of Abbott's Bitters have been added.

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Irate passenger (who finds himself marooned at a lonely Irish station for the rest of the day)—"Haw, portah, is there nothing doing in this rotten place all day?"

Portah—"Oi'll be shuntin' the engine about eight to-night, sorr."—*The Tatler.*

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"Now, Tommy," said Mrs. Bull, "I want you to be good while I'm out."

"I'll be good for a nickel," replied Tommy.

"Tommy," she said, "I want you to remember that you cannot be a son of mine unless you are good for nothing."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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A few years ago one of the Paris members of the Rothschild family had registered as follows: "R. de Paris."

It so chanced that the next visitor to inscribe his name in the book was Baron Oppenheim, the banker of Cologne, and he wrote his name beneath Rothschild's in this wise: "O. de Cologne."—*Kansas City Independent.*

ATHLETIC.

Knicker—"Can she chin the bar?"

Bocker—"No; but she can get her veil down over her chin by wrinkling her nose."—*Ex.*

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UNREQUITED LOVE

They say the
Baby's clinging love
Is likened best
To heaven above.

Of heaven's delights
I have a doubt;
I'd say, off-hand,
To cut it out.

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THE DEMONSTRATIN' CAR.

This story may not be true; the downtown motor-car dealer on whom it is laid denies it—but a certain poignancy still remains.

The dealer got out of his car at Eighth and Main streets Friday morning to buy a toy motor-car from a hawker who has a stand under the viaduct.

"I'll take that car," said the dealer, pointing at a toy which was spinning around on the table.

The hawker reached in his sack and drew out another.

"That one ain't for sale," he said, grinning. "It's my demonstratin' car."

It is related that after that the hawker and the motor-car dealer cordially shook hands—but no sale was made.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A few dashes of Abbott's Bitters add greatly to the appetizing and tonic effect of grape fruit.

IN KENTUCKY.

"Why did you lynch the man just for shooting a neighbor?"

"The regulah price fer killin' as established by the late Hargis is one hundred dollars, sah," replied the Kentuckian, with dignity. "This fellah didn't get a cent. Of cose, we had to lynch him. The integrity of our leading industry must be maintained, sah."
Philadelphia Ledger.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the mother's standby because it cures the dreadful croup and whooping cough. 25c.

A BAD BARGAIN.

A story is told of the famous Richard Brinsley Sheridan, that one day when coming back from shooting, with an empty bag, and seeing a number of ducks in a pond, while near by a man was leaning on a fence watching them, Sheridan asked,

"What will you take for a shot at the ducks?"

"Well," said the man thoughtfully, "I'll take half a sovereign."

"Done," said Sheridan, and he fired into the middle of the flock, killing a dozen or more. "I'm afraid you made a bad bargain," said Sheridan, laughing.

"I don't know about that," the man replied. "They're not my ducks."—*The Christian Advocate.*

The reason a woman wants lots of clothes is they'll go out of style before she wears them out, so she can get more.
—*New York Press.*

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A "Home Comfort" Stove

Have you solved the "Home Comfort" problem for this coming summer?

Are you planning to put the coal range out of commission?

Will you do the family boiling, stewing and frying in a sane and restful manner over a stove that *keeps the kitchen cool?* The heat from the

NEW PERFECTION
Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

is very powerful, but being *concentrated* at the opening on the top of the stove, all surface radiation (the cause of over-heating in a coal or wood stove) is avoided.

Thus, though the "New Perfection" Oil Stove is a wonderfully quick and easy cooker, kitchen discomfort is almost entirely eliminated by it. Nothing adds more to the pleasure of a summer at home than a "New Perfection" Oil Cook Stove in the kitchen. Made in three sizes, fully warranted. If not at your dealer's, write our nearest agency.

The *Rayo* LAMP All that a lamp should be the Rayo is. Well made—ornamental—not easily tipped over—has perfect combustion—greatest volume of light for oil consumed—burns longest with one filling.

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The magazines sell for ten cents a copy, the quarterly for twenty-five cents a copy. There are no copies given away and none returned. The subscription list is large enough to satisfy the requirements of the United States Government, but probably ninety-eight per cent. of all this vast output is sold for cash through the news companies.

Here is a circulation each year of over **1,000,000** copies of illustrated periodicals with covers printed in colors. And this is **an ever-changing circulation,** so that there is hardly any duplication, month by month, such as there would be by an all subscription list.

Specimen copies and advertising rates on request.

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JUDGE COMPANY, 225 Fifth Ave., New York City

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Beware of Imitations

Key Chains - 25c
Scarf Holders 10c
Cuff Holders 20c
Bachelor Buttons - 10c

Sold everywhere or sent postpaid. Catalogue free.

American Ring Co. Dept. 102 Waterbury, Conn.

A woman would feel awful ashamed to have a burglar see her clothes all littered around the room.—*Ex.*

Club Cocktails

A Bottled Delight

THERE is always something lacking in the flavor of a made-by-guesswork cocktail. CLUB COCKTAILS are the only perfect cocktails. A mixed-to-measure blend of rare old liquors aged in wood—always uniform in flavor, fragrant, delicious, appetizing, a CLUB COCKTAIL is a vastly better drink than any chance-mixed cocktail possibly could be.

7 kinds. At all good dealers. Manhattan (whiskey base) and Martini (gin base) are universal favorites.

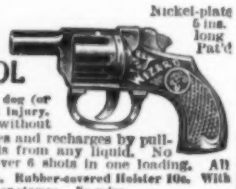
G. F. Heublein & Bro.

HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON

WANTED—

An umbrella that screams when it is left behind.
—*Punch.*

Wizard Repeating LIQUID PISTOL



Nickel-plate 5 ins. long Pat'd

Will stop the most vicious dog (or man) without permanent injury. Perfectly safe to carry without danger of leakage. Fires and recharges by pulling the trigger. Loads from any liquid. No cartridges required. Over 6 shots in one loading. At dealers, or by mail, 50c. Rubber-covered Holster 10c. With Pistol 55c. Money-order or stamps. No coins.

PARKER, STEARNS & CO., 230 South St., Dept. E, New York.

HE KNEW IT.

The story is told of a congressman that he once declared in an address to the House, "As Daniel Webster says in his dictionary."

"It was Noah who wrote the dictionary," whispered a colleague who sat at the next desk.

"Noah nothing!" replied the speaker. "Noah built the ark."—*Western Christian Advocate.*

WILLING TO GO HIGHER.

"Yes," said the old man, addressing his visitor, "I am proud of my girls, and should like to see them all comfortably married; and as I've made a little money, they won't go to their husbands penniless. There's Margaret, twenty-five years old, and a real good girl. I shall give her five thousand dollars when she marries. Then comes Bet, who won't see thirty-five again, and she'll have ten thousand dollars; and the man who takes Dora, who is forty, will have fifteen thousand dollars with her."

The young man reflected a moment or so, and then nervously inquired,

"You haven't one about fifty, have you?"—*Home Herald.*

"So he praised my singing, did he?"

"Yes; said it was heavenly."

"Did he really say that?"

"Well, not exactly; but he probably meant that. He said it was unearthly."—*Melbourne Weekly Times.*

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS
PAPER WAREHOUSE

Nos. 32, 34, and 36 Bleecker Street
Branch Warehouse, 20 Beekman Street, New York.
ALL KINDS OF PAPER MADE TO ORDER.

HE WAS READY.

Nervous old lady (on seventh floor of hotel)—"Do you know what precautions the proprietor of the hotel has taken against fire?"

Porter—"Yes, mum; he has the place inshoored for twice wot it's worth."—*Western Christian Advocate.*

A TRADE-MARK.

"You ought to go home," said the patrolman.

"Gadzooks!"

"Better leave him alone, Bill," advised the other patrolman. "He's one of them historical novelists."—*Washington Herald.*

WATERPROOFED LINEN
LITHOLIN
COLLARS AND CUFFS

EVERY MAN'S NECESSITY

For comfort, fit, style and economy

LITHOLIN Waterproofed Linen Collars and Cuffs

are almost indispensable. Wiped with a damp cloth they are as clean as when new, with the original whiteness, and NEVER WILT, crack nor fray. Not celluloid or rubber. Cuts show only a few of the Lithoin shapes.

Collars 25c. Cuffs 50c.

If not at your dealer's, send, giving styles, size, number wanted, with remittance, and we will mail, post-paid. Booklet of styles free on request.

THE FIBERLOID COMPANY
Dept. 26, 7 Waverly Place, New York

PERHAPS SHE DID.

"Did your daughter inherit her talent for drawing?"

"Well, I never thought of it before, but it may be that she did. One of my brothers is a dentist."—*Bronx News.*

HOTEL MARTINIQUE

BROADWAY AND 33D STREET, HERALD SQUARE, N. Y. CITY.

THE MOST CENTRAL LOCATION IN NEW YORK.
THE HIGHEST CLASS OF ACCOMMODATIONS AT MODERATE RATES.

TRANSIENT RATES.
Rooms ..... $2 a day and up
Rooms, with Bath ..... $3 a day and up
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Pre-eminent (among New York hotels) for the excellence of its service, cuisine and appointments. THE MARTINIQUE RESTAURANTS HAVE AN INTERNATIONAL REPUTATION.
Same Management as St. Denis Hotel.

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¶ Do you ever make investments in Wall Street securities? Do you ever buy or sell stocks or bonds? If so, do not fail to read "Jasper's Hints to Money-makers" every week in "Leslie's Weekly," in which questions regarding stocks and bonds are honestly and conservatively answered, and hints given as to the outlook in the stock market from week to week. This is the most reliable financial department published in the United States, and thousands have testified in writing that it has either made or saved them money.

¶ Buy a copy of "Leslie's Weekly" at your newsdealer's for ten cents, and see for yourself, or send in a three months' trial subscription to "Leslie's Weekly" for $1.00, which will give you the right to free answers to any questions regarding stocks and bonds which you may ask.

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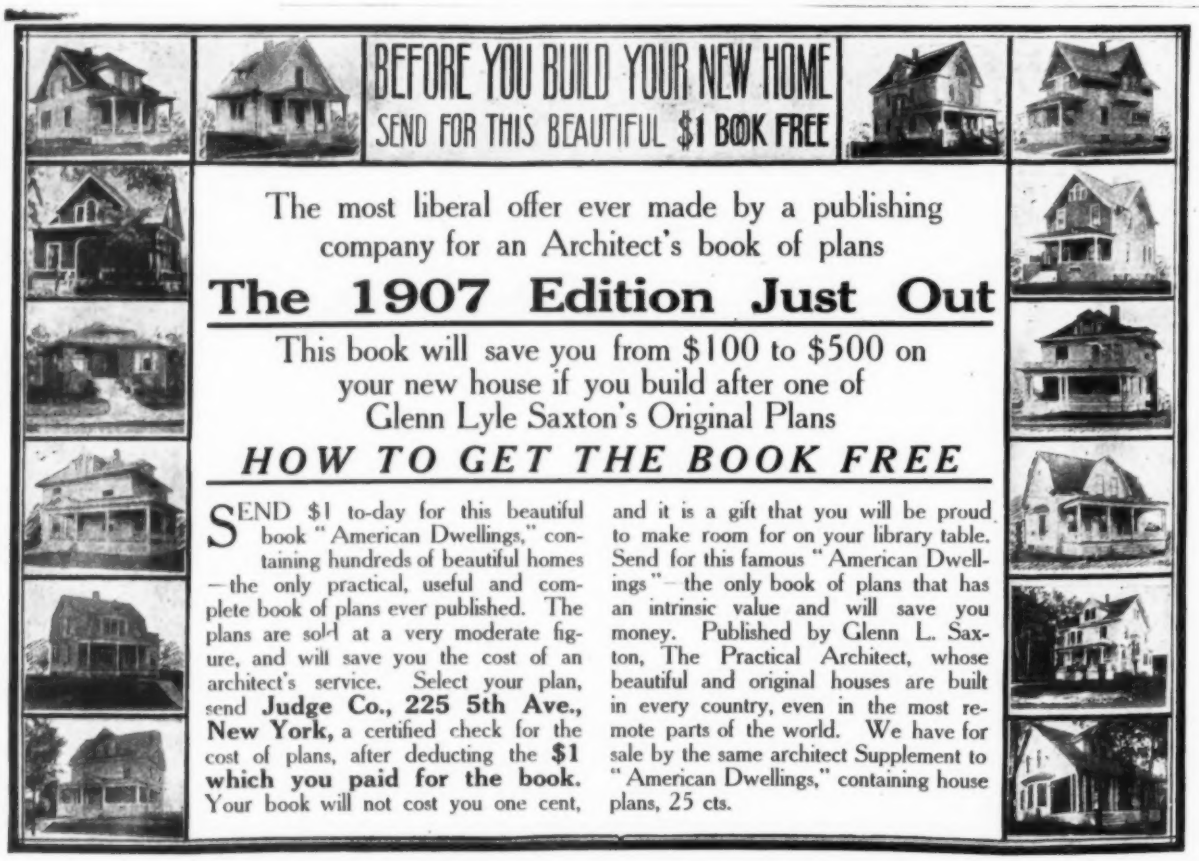

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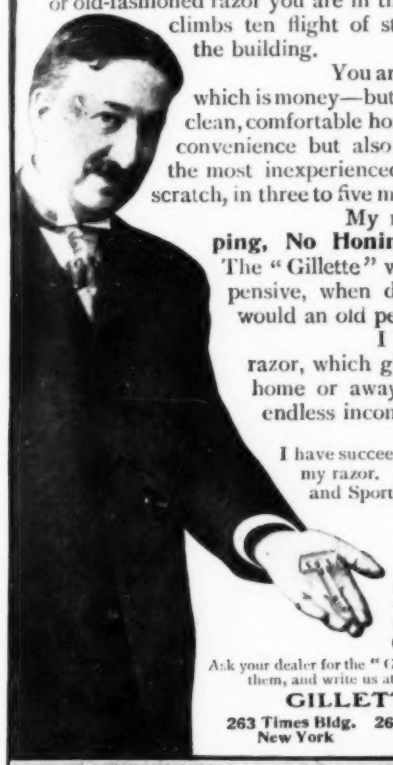
LEAVE CHICAGO 1:30 P. M., CINCINNATI 2:00 P. M. ARRIVE NEW YORK 9:30 NEXT MORNING—VIA NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES.

I Want You to Try My Razor



If you are still depending upon the barber or old-fashioned razor you are in the same category with the man who climbs ten flight of stairs when there is an elevator in the building.

You are not only like him — losing time — which is money—but you are also losing the benefits of a clean, comfortable home shave—which is not only a great convenience but also economical. With the "Gillette" the most inexperienced man can remove, without cut or scratch, in three to five minutes, any beard that ever grew.

My razor is always ready, **No Stropping, No Honing.** No other razor so durable. The "Gillette" will last a lifetime. Blades so inexpensive, when dull you throw them away as you would an old pen.

I have spent years in perfecting this razor, which gives you the best possible shave at home or away — saving you time, money and endless inconvenience.

Over two million men know how well I have succeeded. I want *you* to enjoy the benefits of my razor. All Jewelry, Drug, Cutlery, Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers sell it. Get it to-day.

King C. Gillette

The Gillette Safety Razor Set consists of a triple silver-plated holder, 12 double-edged flexible blades — 24 keen edges, packed in a velvet lined leather case, and the price is $5.00.

Combination Sets from $6.50 to $50 00.

Ask your dealer for the "Gillette" to-day. If substitutes are offered, refuse them, and write us at once for our booklet and free trial offer.

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY

263 Times Bldg. New York — 263 Kimball Bldg. BOSTON — 263 Stock Exchange Bldg. Chicago

Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING NO HONING

JUDGE'S WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT

For the benefit of our women readers in the myriad homes where JUDGE is a favorite, we have entered into an arrangement with the famous editor of "The Perfect Ladies' Companion," Mr. Hik Hok. Any perfect lady among our readers who has troubles of household or heart may go in perfect confidence to Mr. Hok, who will at intervals convey through these pages advice or comfort, as the case may demand.

In reply to Mrs. Susan Wyse's inquiry through this department for some new suggestions for sandwiches, I append the following:

NEW DESIGNS IN SANDWICHES.

H. SEESTIEF.

There is entirely too much sameness in the sandwiches one gets at the average party. It's ham, or cheese, or lettuce, or perhaps the hostess climbs to the heights of a combination sandwich; but it's always the same. I have given the matter much thought and evolved a few new designs; basing on these, the bright, ideaful hostess can easily originate further new ones.

First comes the "Sunset-at-Sea" sandwich. (*Fig. 1.*) This is very effective. To prepare, proceed as follows: Spread sauerkraut upon a piece of toast, straighten out into wavy lines with a coarse comb, place half a circle of boiled carrot near the middle of the horizon, place yellow egg-noodle light waves in position, and serve with salted cold tea.

The "My-Uncle" sandwich (*Fig. 2*) is also very effective if served to the proper parties. It is exceedingly simple to make. Do a cracker up brown and place the yellow yolks of three hard-boiled eggs upon it, cover the cracker liberally with silver fish scales, and inform the eater thereof—of course, in a smiling, pleasant way—that he is expected to return seventy-two for each one he eats. This will create great merriment.

Have you ever attended a party and found just thirteen men present? Wasn't it awkward? Now, the hostess can overcome all painful situations if she always has a few "Three-link Buns" handy. (*Fig. 3.*) To prepare them proceed as directed: Place three small, hot frankfurters upon a piece of buttered bread in such a way that they form a crescent. That's all. How simple! Serve them to the thirteenth man all evening, and every time you serve one laugh lightly and tell him he's the odd fellow. It will be more effective if he eats thirteen of them.

Fig. 2.

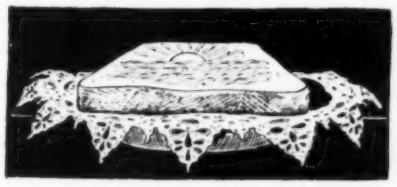


Fig. 1.

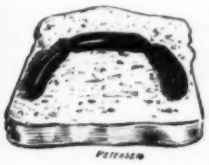


Fig. 3.

Ladies, bring your sorrows and perplexities to Mr. Hok. He will help you.

ANOTHER TRAMP.

Fellaire (formerly Rusty Rufus)—"Well, what do you want?"

Tuffold Knutt—"You wuz kind 'nough wunst, mister, to give me a dollar an' a kick. Ef the two go together, sir, I'm ready fur 'em again."—*Chicago Tribune.*

HOME FOLKS.

"I haven't seen a drunken man since I've been here," declared the visitor to the prohibition state.

"Oh, we are not ostentatious," exclaimed the Georgia man.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Only One "BROMO QUININE."
That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

PROBABLY TRUE.

"Is it a fact that no whiskey can be obtained in your state now?"

"All moonshine, sah," replied the southerner courteously. — *Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

SAVE TIME.

The parson—"I intend to pray that you may forgive Casey for throwing that brick at you."

The patient—"Mebbe yer riv'rence 'ud be saving toime if ye'd just wait till Oi git well, and then pray for Casey."—*The Universalist Leader.*

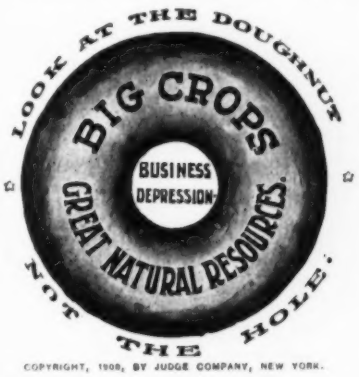
WATCH THE PROFESSOR.

Lecture upon the rhinoceros.

Professor—"I must beg you to give me your undivided attention. It is absolutely impossible that you can form a true idea of this hideous animal, unless you keep your eyes fixed on me."—*The Christian Instructor.*

MAY WE BE FORGIVEN!

The other day an amateur artist was producing some rapid sketches to amuse his children. He drew a sketch of a hen so naturally that when it was afterward thrown in the waste-paper basket it laid there.—*Western Caristian Advocate.*



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AN INSPIRATION.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed the inventor of predigested hay, "a man has lived four days in a mine on nothing but oil and wood."

"Well, what's that to shout about?"

"Plenty. You're stupid. It gives me a new idea for a breakfast food."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

TO THE POINT.

Elderly aunt—"I suppose you wondered, dear little Hans, why I left you so abruptly in the lane. I saw a man, and oh, how I ran!"

Hans—"Did you get him?"—*Fliegende Blætter.*

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

Some people are so sentimental they can talk it in a cabbage patch.

The more livings a man can earn the more he has to for others.

Ideals are very valuable except for use.—*New York Press.*

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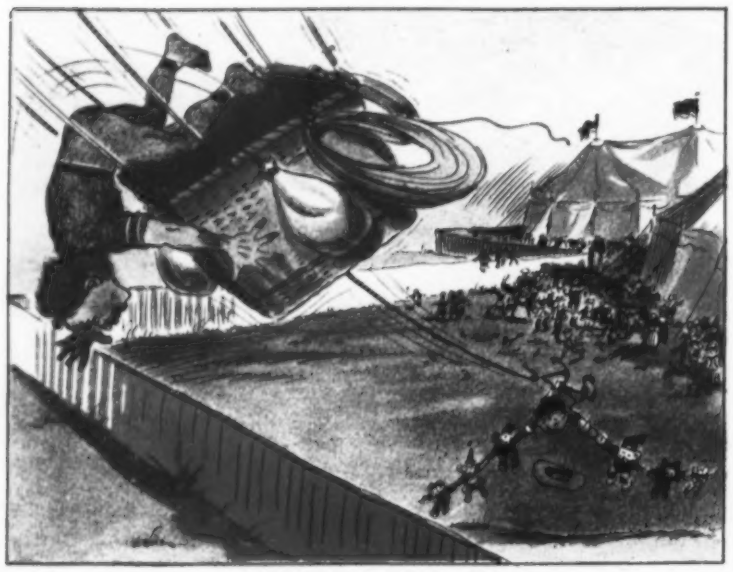
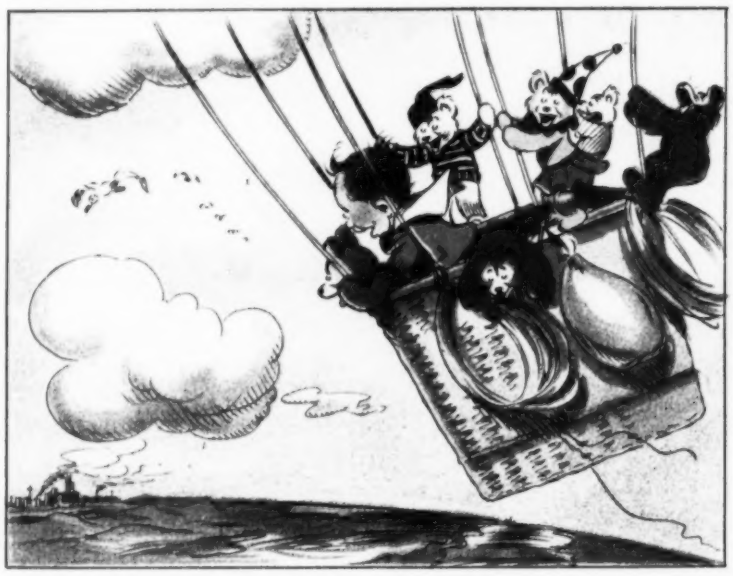


1. The Teds and John attend a fair
To see a great balloonist there.
But while excitedly they look,
They're tangled in an anchor-hook.

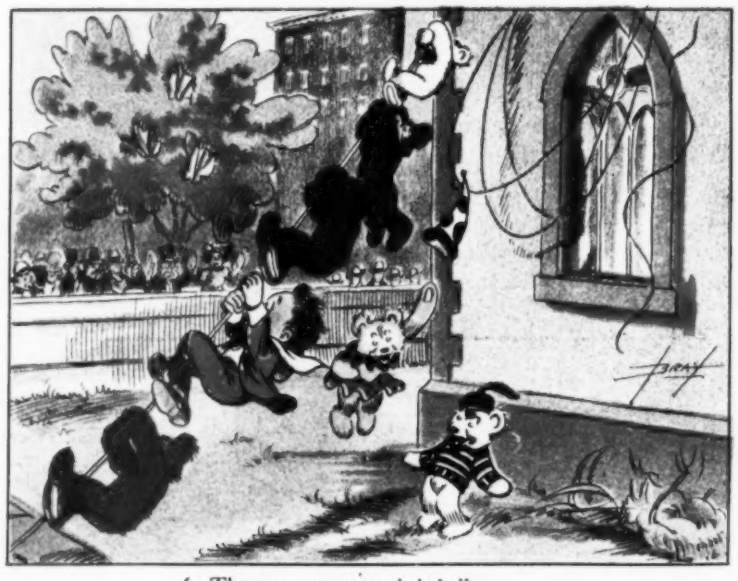
2. The aeronaut, surprised, alarmed,
Falls from his basket quite unharmed.
The frightened Teds, all hand in hand,
Are whirled a mile above the land!

3. But with vast bravery and skill
They shin the anchor-rope, until
They're safe, and then, with one accord,
They promptly haul poor John aboard.



4. What joy to navigate the air
And race the birds and breezes there!
The lands that far below them lay
All seemed to race the other way.

5. All trips must end, the more 's the pity.
They flew too low above a city,
And bumped, ker-smash! against a steeple.
You should have seen the staring people!



6. The many ropes on their balloon
They tied together very soon
And slid to earth with manner proud,
The centre of a gaping crowd.

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